

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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The insurrectionists in Cuba have done immense damage to railway and other property by the use of dynamite. Bridges and trains have been blown up in all parts of the ravaged districts, and the movements of the Spanish troops have been in some cases practically arrested, and the plans of their commanders defeated by this crippling of the lines of communication. Our picture shows the derailment of an express train, loaded with troops, at Santa Rita, on the main line of the Santa Clara Railway.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—DYNAMITE AS A FACTOR IN MODERN WARFARE.
DRAWN BY W. L. SONTAGG, JR., FROM SKETCHES FURNISHED BY AN INSURGENT OFFICER.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Business Situation.

It is idle to deny that the feeling of unrest and anxiety in business and financial circles is every day becoming more acute. There are several causes for this condition of affairs. In the first place, the apparent inability of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury to recognize the real source of peril, and their determination not to accept the legislation proposed by Congress for the relief of the situation, naturally suggest to business men a prolongation of the existing uncertainty and a consequent increased disintegration of trade and industry. In the next place, the hoarding of gold is regarded as evidence, on the part of far-seeing business men, that there is danger ahead. Then, there is a widespread fear that some word may be spoken or some impolitic thing may be done by Venezuela or Great Britain which will precipitate a crisis into which we will be drawn inevitably, as a consequence of the indiscreet declarations of Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of State as to the Monroe doctrine. Then, too, the attitude of the Senate on the silver question adds to the feeling of uncertainty. All these causes combined tend not only to arrest enterprise, but to diminish the scope and volume of regular business and production.

A new issue of bonds, effected on a satisfactory basis, may possibly, to some extent, allay the prevalent apprehension; but this will be only temporary, since, under the existing tariff, which was apparently enacted for the purpose of securing a deficit, the occasion will soon arise for further borrowing, and we will be thus getting deeper and deeper into the mire, instead of finding our way out to solid ground and sound business conditions. Nothing could more effectually and impressively illustrate the utter incompetency of Democratic management than the fact that while the country is rich and money is plenty, and the national credit has been practically unchallenged, we are every day getting further and further away from secure foundations, and increasing instead of diminishing the burdens of the people.

England and Armenia.

It begins to look as if Lord Salisbury will be compelled, sooner or later, to show his hand in the Armenian matter. It is certain that he cannot much longer maintain his policy of inactivity without provoking the execration of the whole civilized world. England more than any other Power is responsible for the existing condition of affairs. Seventeen years ago she entered into a solemn compact, under which she engaged, in the event that Turkey did not introduce wholesale reforms, to protect the Armenian people against Turkish brutality and outrage. These reforms have never been effected; on the contrary, the Armenians have, during all this period, been exposed to every imaginable atrocity and outrage. The oppression which existed in 1878 has been made doubly intolerable. As a leading English writer puts it: "During all these years the Christians, by whose toil and thrift the empire was held together, were despoiled, beggared, chained, beaten, and banished or butchered. Thousands of Armenians were thrown into prison and tortured and terrorized till they delivered up the savings of a life-time. Whole villages were attacked. In a few years the provinces were decimated. Over twenty thousand woe-stricken wretches fled to Russia or to Persia. On the way they were seized over and over again by the soldiers of the Sultan, who deprived them of their little money and clothes, outraged the women and girls, and then drove them over the frontier to hunger and death. Those who remained for a time behind were no better off. Turkish tax-gatherers followed these, gleaming what the brigands had left, torturing and flogging their male victims, dishonoring their wives, and deflowering their daughters."

In all this period—thus blackened by a saturnalia of bloodshed—Great Britain has scarcely lifted a finger in rebuke, has not taken one effective step toward redeeming its promise to Armenia and the world. To-day, in the face of the later massacres of sixty thousand Armenians, with the whole land drenched in blood, "its rivulets choked with corpses, its glades and caves peopled with the dead and dying," with its villages in ashes, and desolation everywhere, this great Christian Power stands mute and unconcerned—content, apparently, to see a brave, enterprising, God-fearing people blotted out if only the European concert is not disturbed and her possessions in the East are not endangered.

How long will this Tory government, which thus stands guard at the gates of Turkey, that no harm may come to

her while she wreaks her murderous vengeance on the Armenians, be able to resist the rising tide of British indignation? Lord Rosebery's vigorous arraignment of Salisbury's impotent policy has awakened a response which, rising in volume and potency with each passing day, cannot be much longer treated with contempt. Some Englishmen, in their eagerness for the suppression of Turkish barbarity, are, we notice, even suggesting an arrangement with Russia under which she shall intervene for the protection of Armenia. On the other hand it is hinted—and this may account somewhat for the feverish anxiety in British political circles—that Russia has a secret treaty with Turkey, and that the Black Sea fleet may presently be sent to Constantinople. Such a thing is not at all impossible. And we are not sure that the interests of humanity would not be promoted by this or any demonstration that would compel Great Britain to assert herself in a positive and vigorous way, and so bring about a final determination of the whole Eastern question. In the absence of such movement on the part of Russia, let us hope that the outburst of indignation which has been occasioned all over England by the pusillanimous conduct of the government will compel it to rise to the height of its opportunity, and interpose effectively alike for the vindication of its own honor and the punishment as they deserve of the crimes of the merciless Turk.

Mob Law in Kentucky.



It is not an encouraging sign that the stories of mob outrages at the South seem to be increasing rather than diminishing. As to one particular crime, mob law seems in some States to have almost entirely taken the place of orderly judicial processes, and men and women are maimed and killed without even a pretense of inquiry as to their guilt. One of the latest cases of this kind is reported from Kentucky, where there has been recently a notable outbreak of barbarity. In this particular case a woman who had instituted divorce proceedings against her husband, from whom she had been living apart, was charged with holding improper relations with another party. This person, having been assailed by the husband, had shot and killed him. The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. This did not satisfy the local public sentiment, and a mob of seventy-five persons proceeded to "vindicate the rights" of the murdered and dishonored man. They did by surrounding the house occupied by the woman and her alleged paramour, and then, having failed to lure the man from his retreat, firing the building. Compelled at last by the intense heat to run to outside cover, the man was shot to death, while the woman burned to ashes in the chimney of the house, where she had taken refuge.

This atrocious brutality happened in Kentucky, an enlightened Christian State, during Christmas week, when the spirit of charity, good-will, and forbearance is, if ever, dominant in human hearts. It happened in the State which tolerated for years the shameless lecheries of a conspicuous and honored representative in Congress, and which even now proposes to return to public life, from which he has been temporarily banished, the impenitent perpetrator of crimes against the purity of womanhood infinitely fouler and blacker than the offense of the butchered victim of this latest Kentucky mob. It is bad enough, surely, that in a State with such a history as Kentucky can boast, mob rule should be permitted to break down at will all the muniments of lawful government, but it is a great deal worse that there should be one law for the weak and obscure offender and another for the "high and mighty" sinner who has a social pull or a grip on the political machine. Kentuckians owe it to their State to put an end to mob law and to punish as they deserve all who undertake to administer it, but they also owe it to common justice to treat all offenders alike. If they permit one man to be shot to death for the sin of adultery they must not affront the moral sense of the country by sending to Congress another man who has sinned in the same way with deliberate and ostentatious effrontery.

Silver in the Senate.

It is greatly to be regretted that neither of the great political parties has a clear majority in the present United States Senate, and that as a consequence there cannot be any intelligent or responsible control of legislation. While the Republicans outnumber the Democrats, there are six Populists who hold the balance of power, and will remain absolute masters of the situation during the whole of the present session. The effect of this Populist dominance is already seen in the reorganization of the Senate committees. Thus the Committee on Finance, consisting of thirteen members, has a free-silver majority, made up of six Democrats, one Populist, and one Republican, the Populists having declared that there should be no reorganization at all except upon this basis. Our own view is that the Republican party could have better afforded to remain in the minority than to accept a qualified supremacy on such conditions. It will still be powerless for the enactment of

any really wholesome and necessary legislation along distinctively party lines, and the advantage accruing from the Senate patronage will but poorly compensate for the injury done it by the compromise of its position on the silver question. While this, however, is true, it is also true that the Democratic Senators will be unable to escape a just measure of responsibility for any untoward consequences which may result from the free silver coinage combination. That combination is made effective only by the co-operation of sixteen Democratic Senators who were elected as representatives of sound-money constituencies, and these, equally with the half-dozen Republicans who have cast in their lot with the Populists on this particular issue, must be held accountable for whatever disastrous results may follow upon the peculiar Senate situation.

Progress of Woman Suffrage.

THE forthcoming convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association, which will be held in Washington during the last week in January, promises to be the most important meeting in the history of the movement. The organization, it is reported, has never been more prosperous than at this time. During the past year it has extended its membership into every part of the country, and has an organization in every State and Territory, and smaller associations in almost every county and city. In some States, such as California, it has double organizations. In Utah the cause of woman's enfranchisement won easily inside of the three parties, and at the general election, which practically made that Territory a State, carried the day by an enormous majority. This makes the third State in which the sex are allowed to vote, the others being Colorado and Wyoming. In Kentucky local woman's suffrage was granted by the State government. In New York the referendum bill passed both houses of the Legislature. In South Carolina female suffrage nearly carried the constitutional convention. In Massachusetts it was defeated at the polls, but the vote, one hundred and ten thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand, showed that the party had attained formidable proportions and was increasing rapidly. The reports from abroad are of the same tenor. West Australia has conferred the franchise on woman, making it universal in Australasia. Bermuda has taken similar action, while Canada seems about to follow. There is a suffrage party in every province of the Dominion, and in nearly all it is in good working order. At a late informal count at Ottawa the members of Parliament were found to be nearly equally divided between suffrage on the one side and anti-suffrage and non-committal on the other. In England, Scotland, and Wales the same tendency is everywhere manifest. Over a million are now enrolled in the movement.

Besides these favorable conditions, the suffragists have been largely aided by other causes. The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, one of the most active philanthropic bodies extant, is committed to suffrage in the United States, Canada, and England. It reaches numerous classes which take little or no interest in civic or political matters, and thus brings re-enforcements otherwise unattainable. The Populist party, particularly in the Central and Western States, advocates political equality, as does the Farmers' Alliance in the South and Southwest. These influences, acting together, have strengthened the movement in every district, especially in the past twelve months. One result of this growth will be seen at the convention, when for the first time its roll-call will be that of every State and Territory, and on the platform will be women leaders from the Dominion and the United Kingdom. A feature of the convention week will be the presentation of an argument by a committee of women before the appropriate committees of both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Literature for Girls.



IVEN the indifference of parents, and given the literature of the day as it is piled upon every book-counter and cheap stall, does not the question of a young girl's reading become rather a serious one? Twenty years ago the problem was simpler, because—apart from the great fact that the writers of that date were still content to deal mainly with the decencies and amenities of life, and disposed to keep the vilenesses of human nature at least as far in the background as society usually puts them—apart from this, the cheap book-counter and the paper-covered "libraries" of reprints were things unknown. Unless a girl was possessed of strong literary taste and a thirst for reading she would rarely treat herself to the purchase of a book. Now, at a cost of from five to fifty cents, she can acquaint herself with all the social questions of the day, and on her way home from school, at the expense of a single car-fare or an ice-cream soda, can become thoroughly initiated in the innermost depravities of human nature.

How is it to be prevented? What are girls to read, and how is a pure taste in literature to be awakened and educated? All sorts of lists have been drawn up by all sorts of people, mainly men, and offered as guides to the young wanderer in the paths of fiction; and all these lists, individually considered, are more or less failures. Dickens and

Scott are the best possible beginnings for a novel-reader, but not every girl wants to read Dickens and Scott. You cannot force her to enjoy the essentially manly fun of Pickwick or of Charles O'Malley, wholesome and jolly as are the English and the Irishman; she may refuse to stumble through the delicious Scotticisms of the "Antiquary," and declare the "Bride of Lammermoor" tedious, and "Ivanhoe" "deadly stupid." If her soul craves the society novel, and the modern man and maid—if George Eliot is too philosophical, Charlotte Brontë too sentimental, and Thackeray too didactic and satiric, what are you to do?

All girls are supposed to find Miss Alcott's eminently jolly books an absolute necessity of mental diet. To our mind these books are not the best helps to the formation of a pure taste, nor is their essentially narrow view of life a very fair one. The girl of average intelligence, whose reading we might be called upon to direct, should make the acquaintance of Miss Yonge's populous and cheerful families, in preference even to the "Little Women" of provincial Concord—families whose moral code is as pure and high and strong and unshaken as theirs, and whose manners, if we may be allowed to say it, are infinitely better. Or there is the prolific author of "Not Like Other Girls"—her stories are on every five-cent counter, but they are bright, sweet, wholesome stories, full of goodness and purity and healthy sentiment. The daughter who yawns over "The Mill on the Floss," or "Kidnapped," or "Hypatia" may be both interested and stimulated by "Robert Ord's Atonement."

But for the girl who is born with that rare and precious gift, a taste for literature *per se*—what a delightful task to regulate and train it! She will enjoy Leatherstocking, and feast on "David Copperfield," and with a little judicious skipping, such as even her elders find involuntary, will relish "Waverley." You can enchain her interest and imagination by the story of the lonely lives on the moors of Haworth, and so give a greater zest to her pleasure in "Shirley." "Westward Ho!" and "Ravenshoe" will rouse the heroic in her blood; "Lorna Doone" brings her close to nature and feeds the taste for incident and action; Stevenson's touch will teach her the marvelous use of words and the exquisite delight of style; even Jane Austen's dainty pre-Raphaelitism will appeal to her as her finer sense develops. You can fill her so full of wholesome dainties that there will be no craving for the stimulant of modern poison. If the mother will read with her, encourage the discussion of books, study and defer in a measure to her taste, while making it a serious business to guide it, there need be no fear of contamination through the pages of a novel.

People are taking matters more seriously now than was the wont of old; questions of education, the study of child-nature, all psychological investigations and experiments, are the fads of the time. Thoughtful women in conclave assembled have recently discussed the immoral tendency of fairy tales and the crying necessity of shielding infant minds from the polluting influences of "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Puss in Boots." Will these earnest reformers go a step further? Do their daughters read indiscriminately the works of Thomas Hardy, Sarah Grand, and Grant Allen? Has it ever occurred to them to study the boundary-line between a wholesome, because natural and simple, knowledge of those existing realities of life with which a well-brought-up girl is likely to come face to face, and the unnecessary and defiling study of moral disease? Leave the little children to the tender mercies of Hans Andersen and Grimm—the aptly named—but in pity let us try to keep the mind of girlhood clean and its imagination wholesome. Sooner or later the budding woman must painfully learn what fallen humanity is, but let her learn it in pity and with prayer, that by her knowledge she may help to raise it; not reading the foul story as pastime for an idle hour. And even in giving her the sad if needful knowledge, let us spare her the horrors of the dissecting-room and shut the door on those cabinets of bottled monstrosities which the *fin-de-siècle* novelist labels studies in human nature.

The Excise Question.

BILLS for the modification of the existing Sunday law are pouring into the Legislature at Albany. Some of these bills, if enacted into laws, would sweep away all the barriers which now protect the weekly rest day from wholesale desecration. As yet the indications are unfavorable to the passage of any of these measures, but the liquor and other interests which are backing them are persistent of purpose, and they will no doubt keep up the agitation so long as a ray of hope remains to them. The Republican party could not, in any other way, so effectually alienate the sympathy of the right-minded voters of the State as by becoming responsible for the overthrow of the American Sabbath. As to the excise question pure and simple, the suggestion of Governor Morton that the aim of all legislation should be to reduce the number of saloons in the State is eminently sound, and in undoubted harmony with the best public sentiment. Statistics show that the number of retail licensed drinking-places in this State is greater, per capita, than in any other State in the Union, there being here one such place to every one hundred and fifty of the population, while in Pennsylvania there is one to every four hundred and twenty-one, in Massachusetts one to four hundred and thirty-six, in Michigan one to two

hundred and forty-eight, in Illinois one to two hundred and five, and so on. The mere mention of these figures, showing to what extraordinary lengths we have gone in legalizing this pernicious traffic, should be sufficient to convince every legislator of the necessity of measures of restriction.

The Venezuelan Commission.

It will be conceded on all hands that the commission appointed by the President to investigate the Venezuela boundary question is happily constituted. All its members are eminent for ability, judicial temperament, and exalted personal character. Justice Brewer ranks among our foremost jurists, and, both on the score of learning and professional experience, is peculiarly qualified for the responsible work which the commission will be called upon to perform. Judge Richard Henry Alvey is not so widely known, but his career as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and latterly as Chief Justice of the Federal Court of Appeals in



DAVID J. BREWER.
Photograph by C. M. Bell.

the District of Columbia, which he organized and put in running order, has been highly honorable, and has won for him the confidence and esteem of all who have become familiar with him. It is believed that his long experience in sifting and weighing evidence, and his thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, will give a peculiar value to his services.

Andrew D. White, the third member of the commission, formerly president of Cornell University, has had a



ANDREW D. WHITE.

diplomatic experience so conspicuously honorable, and enjoys so deserved a prominence as a man of affairs, that his selection will be especially acceptable to the country. As minister to Germany, and later as our minister to Russia, as well as one of the commissioners to report on the question of the annexation of San Domingo, he maintained the honor and dignity of his country, and abroad his appointment will command for the conclusions of the commission a weight which none of the other names, probably, would assure them.

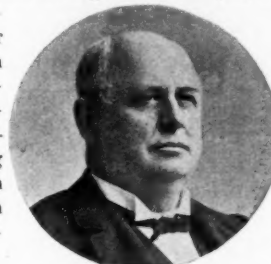
The fourth member of the commission, Frederic R. Coudert, has an international fame as a lawyer, and the only possible objection that can be raised to his appointment is that he has committed himself, in a published interview, to a strong and vigorous criticism of the course of Great Britain in the Venezuelan controversy. Mr. Coudert has twice represented this country as a delegate to the International Congress on the Law of Nations, and was one of the American counsel before the Behring Sea commission.

Professor Daniel C. Gilman, the fifth member of the commission, has achieved a good deal of distinction as an educator, being now president of Johns Hopkins University, and as a writer on social, political, and historical subjects. He has been much interested in economic questions and the best methods of adjusting the relations of labor and capital, and has contributed to the press some valuable conclusions on this general subject. Among his numerous works is a memoir of James Monroe, which shows that he has made a careful study of the famous doctrine with which the name of that early President is intimately associated.



PROFESSOR DANIEL C. GILMAN.

The refusal of Lord Salisbury to consent to an arbitration of the Venezuelan boundary question has had the natural effect of stimulating the British occupants of the disputed territory to a more positive and aggressive policy. Recent advices show that a company has been formed for the purpose of "developing" the territory, and that the government has been petitioned for a concession of five thousand square miles lying almost entirely west of the original Schomburgk line. The colonists are said to rely upon the good offices of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of



RICHARD HENRY ALVEY.
Photograph by C. M. Bell.



FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

state for the colonies, for the promotion of their designs, that official having committed himself to a vigorous colonial policy; but it may be doubted whether, in the present situation, of affairs the government will venture upon making a concession which would inevitably precipitate a collision with Venezuela, and lead up, possibly, to serious international complications.

* MEN AND THINGS *

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

MEN are cliquish animals, and are continually dividing and subdividing, and subdividing again into separate and special groups. Bring four or five hundred men together as members of a club, and before a year is out there will be a dozen coteries, founded on some common predilection or peculiarity. As proof of this just for one moment recall to your mind the clubs or associations that at some time or other have come under your notice. I know of fat men's clubs, lean men's clubs, thirteen clubs, Thursday night clubs, whist clubs, bowling clubs, eating clubs (with tremendously large membership, these), and on through an interminable list. But I have before me the announcement of the most unique of them all—The Society of Pointed Beards! Here is Article II., Section 1, of the constitution: "No one shall be eligible unless he have a carefully cultivated beard of natural and personal growth, in good standing, and terminated in one symmetrical point a half-inch from the apex of the chin, of sufficient evidence to preclude controversy." I frankly confess that I have no sympathy for this organization, being clean-shaven, but I confess that it would interest me to see the collection of gentlemen, its members "bearded like the pard," and gravely descanting on the merits and demerits of their whiskered selves.

Book-lovers, and especially those interested in the drama, will be glad to know that there is to be a renaissance of the Dunlap Society. Under the able direction of such indefatigable collectors as Charles B. Foote, Beverly Chew, Brayton Ives, Daniel P. Griswold, T. I. McKee, Brander Matthews, Evert Jansen Wendell, and others, the work of the new society is to continue permanently. Publications of dramatic and American interest will be put forth from time to time, printed at the De Vinne Press, and corresponding in size, style, and type to those heretofore issued. The first thing will probably be a paper on Early American Theatres, by the Hon. Charles P. Daly, and it will be issued this coming spring. The value of the work of a society such as the Dunlap is not to be depreciated in any way. In the preservation in permanent form of local and other records, in re-publishing from time to time books whose rarity makes them inaccessible save to a few, in issuing prints which for similar reasons are unfamiliar but to the wealthiest collectors, an important purpose is fulfilled, and on a co-operative basis that makes its results available to people of moderate means. I wish Mr. Douglas Taylor, the president, and his assistants every success in their undertaking.

The very wise paragraphist of the *Bookman* asks in the current number: "Why is there such a chorus of interested astonishment over Professor W. L. Phelps's course in fiction at Yale University?" Why, indeed, except that Yale has a very alert and competent press bureau that spreads the news of its tardy innovations widely and well. The wise paragraphist goes on to say that "such a course has been given for years at Columbia by Professor Brander Matthews, and for some time at the University of Chicago by Dr. Triggs." Poor Harvard is not taken into consideration at all, though courses in fiction as well as in general literature of the nineteenth century were given there before Columbia had ever had the good luck to secure Brander Matthews, and before that very wonderful university mushroom at Chicago came into existence.

Lord Salisbury's lines have not been cast in very pleasant places of late; and what with trouble in Turkey, the Transvaal, Ashanti, Venezuela, and the United States, his hands have been uncomfortably full. And now, if the cable is to be credited, he has serious civil disturbances to face on account of his temerity in appointing Mr. Alfred Austin poet laureate. The weekly reviews are up in arms, and the minor poets are in battle array, the only seemingly calm person in the United (?) Kingdom seeming to be the one who should have had the appointment—Charles Algonon Swinburne. However, Mr. Austin's selection may serve a very practical purpose, and it is to be hoped that the absurd anachronism of a court poet will die with him.

Mr. Andrew Lang, intrenched strongly "At the Sign of Syre" in *Longman's Magazine*, and Mr. I. Zangwill, no less strongly intrenched in the *Pull Mall*, have been having a witty war with one another over several of their respective foibles. But at last by common consent they have agreed on a truce. A clever person suggests this form of pledge, to be affixed to the terms of the armistice: "If you, Lang, will, I, Zangwill!"

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



W. R. Hearst.

The New Proprietor of "The Journal."

ONE of the notable journalistic events of recent occurrence was the purchase of the *Morning Journal* newspaper of this city by Mr. William R. Hearst, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who had achieved a phenomenal success on the Pacific coast. The task to which he addressed himself, that of rehabilitating his new purchase in character and influence, was a formidable one, but he has already demonstrated that it will be successfully achieved. Mr. Hearst's preliminary step on taking over the property was to modify the name, which is now merely *The Journal*. His next step was to infuse new blood into every department of the paper, and for this purpose he sent to the *Examiner* for some of its strongest men. Then he secured the best special writers in the journalistic market, and in addition to all this he has from day to day added new and attractive features—spending money liberally in obtaining news of important events in all parts of the



ELEONORA DUSE, THE GREAT EMOTIONAL ACTRESS.
PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

world. As a result *The Journal* has in a real sense made its mark in metropolitan journalism, and gives promise of still greater things to come. All this has been accomplished without bluster, in pursuance of a sound business policy and in harmony with the best journalistic standards. Mr. Hearst's advent in New York must be considered a distinct gain to the reading public.

Eleonora Duse.

ELEONORA DUSE, the famous Italian actress, who won such a notable success upon the occasion of her visit to this country three years ago, will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre early in February, when she will no doubt achieve fresh triumphs and a still higher place in the regard of thoughtful students of dramatic art. There are many who regard her as greater than Bernhardt, and it is certain that as a representative of the realistic school she has no superior on any stage. Her present visit will be confined to the Atlantic seaboard States.



OLGA NETHERSOLE AS "CARMEN."—[SEE PAGE 44.]



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, THE ENGLISH BEAUTY, IN
"AN ARTIST'S MODEL."—[SEE PAGE 44.]



"A yell resounded through the place as the patriot held the reeking trophy up."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XLVIII.

JACQUES AND DE FOURNIER.



HE dead body of Grébauval lay near the window. Above it, from the balcony, suddenly appeared the face of Jacques Renaud. De Fournier laid down his pen and looked up at him. Jacques turned to speak with some one in the street.

"Ascend, comrades!" he shouted.

At the same moment the other section of the mob thundered at the door. Jacques leaped down into the room. His place was taken by another and another in the balcony.

Jacques stepped over the body and saluted de Fournier, who rose from his seat and tapped three times at the wainscot behind him. Jaffray Ellicott entered almost immediately.

"Open to our friends," said de Fournier.

Jaffray obeyed. A dozen panting patriots rushed in. Recruits still continued to advance by way of the window.

Raising his hand for silence, de Fournier, in the well-mimicked voice of Grébauval, said, "Which of you, my brave citizens, had the honor of firing the shot that brought down the traitor, de Fournier?"

"It was I," shouted the ruffian, whose acquaintance we made originally at the Lion d'Or. "I, Jacques Renaud, corporal of the National Guard."

"Give me your hand, brother," said de Fournier, taking his grimy paw. "If I have any influence with the commander-in-chief, by this time to-morrow you shall be a lieutenant."

"Vive Grébauval!" shouted a dozen voices.

"You shall have your rewards, comrades; not only one, but all of you. Mr. Secretary, take their names."

Half-a-dozen men crowded around Jaffray, who took his seat and made his record.

"In the meantime, messieurs," said de Fournier, "pass into the next room, and you shall see that the republic knows how to pay for good services."

"Vive Grébauval! Vive la république!" they shouted.

"Et à mort les aristocrates!" growled a raucous voice,

seizing the dead body by the hair and hacking off the head, without warning or time for protest, if de Fournier had been inclined to interpose.

A yell resounded through the place and fluttered the maps on the walls as the patriot held the reeking trophy up and spat upon it.

"This way, messieurs," said Jaffray, opening the door that led into his own office.

"But first the money, Citizen Grébauval, if you please," he said. "Permit me," and opening a cabinet behind Grébauval's chair, he brought out a small bag of gold and a bundle of *assignats*.

"Vive le citoyen secrétaire!" shouted the men, who remained to look on.

The room was almost immediately cleared. De Fournier, breathing hard, sat down and watched the blood of his enemy flow in a serpent-like trail across the floor. He had seen death in many forms, had dragged himself through many a red encounter, but never before had he experienced so sickening a feeling of nausea. He clutched at the table in front for

support. He heard the sound of many voices from Jaffray's room, and made a great effort not to fall back helplessly. Presently the desperate crew of aristocrat hunters returned with varied cries. He recovered sufficiently to sit upright, and that was all. His eyes followed the patriots, headed by Jacques, as they made a fresh assault upon the body of his enemy.

"Fling him into the street!" they shouted; and at once they proceeded to hoist the body into the balcony.

De Fournier looked on, confused still in mind, but recovering under the touch of Jaffray, who stood by his side, quiet as his chief, but alert, quick of resource.

"Down with him!" said Renaud's assistants; and down went the remains of Grébaulval amidst a roar of frightful jubulations, and one by one the men in the balcony disappeared, the others rushing out of the room by the doorway, too intent upon their ghastly business to take formal leave.

Jaffray followed them and pushed the door to with a click; then, avoiding the ghastly evidence of the tragedy that stained the floor and bedabbled the rugs, he mounted into the balcony. De Fournier watched him without uttering a word.

"It is awful!" said Jaffray. "They are tearing him limb from limb."

The young fellow was very pale, but his lips were tightened into a mere thin line.

"Come this way, monsieur," he said. "You must wash and dress."

De Fournier roused himself.

"You are a brave fellow," he said, staggering to his feet.

"Come to your room; a bottle of wine and a bath, and you will be Grébaulval indeed. First, I will give instructions that you are not to be disturbed on any account."

He went into his office for a moment, then closed and fastened the window, and led the way first into the secret bureau where Grébaulval had entertained Laroche. Here Jaffray produced a bottle of red wine and filled a goblet, which he handed to his chief.

"You have saved my life, Jaffray; God bless you!" said de Fournier, emptying the goblet at a draught.

"You once did me a similar favor, but without my help," said Jaffray.

The more de Fournier seemed inclined to rest and reflect, the more matter-of-fact Jaffray became.

"Now, monsieur, you are better. Remember this is only a skirmish; the battle has still to be fought and won."

De Fournier stood up, stretched out his arms, shook himself, and tightened Grébaulval's sash about his waist.

"True, my friend, true. Lead on; you are my good captain. I shall be fit for action with your next word of command."

"This way, then," said Jaffray; "this way, Citizen Grébaulval."

XLIX.

A DESPERATE GAME.

BEFORE Jaffray summoned Grébaulval's man to his duties de Fournier had bathed and dressed himself with the characteristic care of Grébaulval; had made a tour of his rooms, and had practiced the Grébaulval manner before a glass, with a running criticism from Jaffray, who offered now and then a suggestion, and generally stage-managed (as one may say) the various scenes of the moment and the prospective scenes to come.

By this time it was nearly morning. The grim tokens of the fight had been cleared away. The servants, instructed by Jaffray, long since roused by the turmoil, had made their appearance, having kept studiously out of the way as long as there was any apparent danger. Grébaulval's *valet de chambre* had stayed out late at his club, and only returned in time to assist in the service of an early breakfast, to which de Fournier and Jaffray did ample justice.

"And now," said Jaffray, "master of your hôtel and duly installed as magistrate and secret adviser of the committee, let us consider the situation."

"Proceed," said de Fournier.

"I have had news for you. If it was an angel who helped you, there was none to stand by the duke and poor Monsieur Joseph, except to guide them, perhaps, to heaven."

"What do you mean, Jaffray?" de Fournier asked.

"They joined the band of martyrs yesterday."

"Poor de Louvet! Poor Joseph!" said de Fournier.

"They are past praying for," said Jaffray. "We have other prisoners now to consider. The last thing you did—you, the Deputy Grébaulval—don't forget for a single moment that you are the deputy—the last thing you did before you killed de Fournier—or before he fell to the musket of the brave Jacques Renaud—was to order the arrest of the duchess, Marie Bruyset, and your wife."

"Indeed!" said de Fournier. "And where are they?"

"Close by—in the Conciergerie."

"Why did I do that?"

"You had your own good reasons. You want to marry the countess, and everything conspires to give you success. You have accepted the proposals of the committee to go out to La Vendée as their delegate to the army. You have arranged to start immediately—to-day, perhaps. It is your intention to take the countess with you. The duke dead, you expect that the duchess, threatened with the same fate, will make a desperate and successful appeal to the countess for her life. If the countess gives way, you will take them with you; if not, you will leave them to their fate. Citizen Johannes, your serving-man, tells me that in the encounter at the Black Eagle last night Laroche was killed by a villain who, from the description, I gather to be Pierre Grappin. Laroche is a useful silent ally; he was the only man I feared; and, under ordinary circumstances, he would have been one of your first callers this morning. It is now six o'clock; we have still two good hours for office work. Seeing that you are on the eve of your departure, it may be that Citizen Robespierre or Citizen Danton may call to say *au revoir*—that depends upon what arrangements you made with them at your meeting yesterday. From something you said, I should not be surprised that you boasted of having for companions in your journey the pretty young widow de Fournier. But we shall see."

De Fournier took in every word Jaffray said, and every suggestion, with a clear head and a determination to play the rôle of Grébaulval with all the dexterity he could command.

"What about our prisoners?" he said, as soon as Jaffray gave him an opportunity to speak.

"It all falls out most naturally," said the young fellow, cool as a practiced diplomatist, and with the genius of a successful man of affairs. "It is as easy as lying, and without the necessity of much invention. You have the right to interrogate your prisoners; you as good as hold in your hands the power of life and death. You can write passports—you have them in blank, signed by the committee; you have almost unlimited money. Are you not the famous Deputy Grébaulval?"

"Can you be the little helpless chap I snatched from the mêlée at Cherry Valley and tucked away on my saddle-bow?"

"The same little chap," said Jaffray, with a smile. "But at present the private secretary of the Deputy Grébaulval, whom I now humbly invite to join me in his official bureau."

"Lead on, dear friend," said de Fournier.

"Not in that voice," said Jaffray.

"Jaffray, I am at your service," said de Fournier, in the deeper tones of Grébaulval, and with a slight trick of deliberation that was in strong contrast with de Fournier's natural and impulsive manner.

Passing through several rooms and across two curious passage-ways, Jaffray opened the door of the deputy's chief bureau, the court of the interrogating judge, where Grébaulval, unchecked, had frequently taken upon himself the highest powers of the judicial function. Moreover, it was here that the lists of the proscribed were made up; it was here that the findings of the juries in the court of the Revolutionary Tribunal had been decided by anticipation.

"I have some papers for you," said Jaffray, when de Fournier had seated himself in Grébaulval's chair.

Jaffray went into his own room, and returned with a packet of manuscripts and letters.

"These are your letters to the commander-in-chief of the forces in La Vendée—these your instructions; these, fastened with a tricolor band, are letters to certain officers in Brittany and other documents connected with your embassy. You keep important papers, that you may require when you are away from here, in the breast-pocket of your coat."

De Fournier ran his eyes over the papers and thrust them into his pocket.

"The passports?" he said. "We may need them for our companions."

Jaffray drew from a drawer close by Grébaulval's seat a small portfolio.

"Shall I fill them up?"

"Yes; for the Citoyennes Louvet, Fournier, and Bruyset; and for Citizen Ellicott, secretary to the deputy; and for the Deputy Grébaulval, delegate of the Committee of Public Safety; and also for the Citizen Maurice, his servant. That is for Pierre Grappin, if we can find him. Another set of passports for the same persons, to quit France, from Havre or any other port; and a passport for the Delegate Grébaulval, on a mission to the fleet, which you shall attach to a document similar in purport to Grébaulval's appointment to the army."

Jaffray made a rapid note of these instructions.

"You are about to say that Havre is nowhere near La Vendée. I don't propose to go

to La Vendée. So soon as we are ready you will ride with all speed to Havre and secure a vessel for England. You will be well accredited to the mayor, and to any other officer, on a secret mission. Your chief, the Deputy Grébaulval, with his wife and her mother and his wife's maid, are following, the deputy with a double mission, to the army and the fleet; that is, if any explanation is required. But say as little as possible."

"I understand," said Jaffray.

"We shall need money," said de Fournier.

"Your private keys, if you please," said Jaffray; "they are in the aperture below the drawer, on your left."

De Fournier opened the drawer.

"Pull it right out, if you please."

De Fournier pulled it out.

"In the corner, on the left hand, there is a hole. Put in your hand."

De Fournier brought forth a small bunch of keys.

"In the secret bureau, where you were refreshed, there is a cabinet. When it is opened I will show you a spring that unlocks a second one, concealed beneath the floor. You had to be careful in concealing your money. For the moment you do not want it."

"But it is not ours!" said de Fournier, in his natural voice.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Jaffray.

"Pardon, Jaffray," said de Fournier.

"You are the delegate of the Committee of Public Safety. Permit me, monsieur; I will hold the keys—that is, if you do not object."

"By all means," said de Fournier, giving up the bunch, which, having regard to at least a couple of the lock-openers, were of a very decorative character, one of the keys being jeweled, and another of curious shape, long in the handle and with a quaint movable ring at the end of it.

"You will have a coach and horses and postillions ready at the Hôtel de Fournier at dusk," said de Fournier; "and, if possible, let them be strangers to Grébaulval. We will start to-night. You shall call upon Citizen Robespierre and explain to him that I had not counted upon the ruse of an arrest in vain—the widow of the *ci-devant* de Fournier has consented to my wishes. By heavens, Jaffray, it galls me to go as far as this!"

"Nonsense, monsieur; it is nothing. If I am your ambassador to the Citizen Robespierre I will blacken her, and the Citoyenne Louvet, too; and I will not spare even Marie Bruyset, if need be. But I think you will have to do all this yourself. The Citizen Robespierre will call upon you. The death of Laroche will be an inconvenience to him. He will ask you to name his successor. Name Sinette, who is just now at Lyons, and who cannot be back in Paris for a week. Meanwhile, Laroche's assistant, Dumorier, will serve; he is a mild, shifty, timid creature, and can do no harm. Laroche did not permit him to be more than ornamental."

De Fournier wrote down the name of Sinette and Lyons, by way of memoranda, to which he added de Fournier and Mathilde.

"Apart from the loss of Laroche, he might call to congratulate you on the veritable death of de Fournier."

"I am prepared for every emergency," said de Fournier, tapping the handle of his knife which was hidden in his sash. "In the event of discovery I will kill him."

"There is no chance of discovery, monsieur, if you play your part as you can play it," said Jaffray.

While they were speaking Jaffray was summoned by the janitor, who guarded the outer chamber leading to Jaffray's room.

Absent for a few minutes, Jaffray returned, announcing "Monsieur the Citizen Robespierre."

L.

"FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE."

"BON JOUR, Citizen Deputy," said Robespierre.

"Bon jour, monsieur," responded de Fournier.

"Monsieur!" remarked Robespierre, repeating the unusual salutation—for Jaffray had forgotten to tell de Fournier that Grébaulval usually addressed Robespierre as "Citizen," or "Citizen Friend Robespierre," occasionally as "Good comrade," but never as "Monsieur."

"I have been in fashionable society since we met," said de Fournier, quick to detect his mistake. "The *ci-devant* countess is not so democratic as her republican mother."

"Oh, the Citoyenne Fournier," said Robespierre, smiling. "Well?"

"I am trying a little coercion; and with good effect, I believe," said de Fournier, in Grébaulval's most sarcastic manner.

"She does not like the Conciergerie?"

"You have already heard of her arrest?"

"I hear everything," replied Robespierre.

"Marat says he does, but I do."

De Fournier turned his chair a little, so that he had his back to the light, and Robespierre sat nearly facing the window.

"And the Citoyenne Fournier?"

"I propose shortly to interrogate her, and the rest."

"The rest?"

"Her mother and the Citoyenne Bruyset."

"The daughter of Laroche—killed last night in his courageous effort to take the royalist Fournier?"

"Who was slain there, under the window," said de Fournier.

"So I understand. Dumorier, Laroche's assistant, brought me a full report. Climbing across the street, he was shot, and, dropping into your balcony, fell dead. Fate is kind to you, Grébaulval. You did well to reward them, and promise promotion to the Corporal Citizen Renaud."

"I am glad that you approve."

"You have always won my approval," said Robespierre. "I shall miss you. For your own sake you leave Paris at a fortunate time. Both Danton and Marat are your enemies."

"I had feared it."

"I fear them not," said Robespierre. "They are my enemies, too; but I hold them in my hand, as I hold France."

He rose, as he spoke, and offered his snuff-box to de Fournier, who bowed stiffly and took a pinch, observing, at the same time, that it was fortunate for France that she had so great a friend and so powerful a master.

"No further news from England?" asked Robespierre, turning the subject into a new channel.

"None," said de Fournier.

"You leave behind your clerk, Ellicott?"

"He accompanies me on the first stages of my journey, but will return."

"That is well. I shall take the liberty of taking your seat now and then, in your absence. The Citizen Deputy Grébaulval can have no successor. I and young Ellicott will try our hands in keeping your place warm until you come back; what do you say?"

"That you are most considerate, as you always are."

"I am not supposed to possess the gift of friendship, Grébaulval."

"I have proved it to the contrary, Citizen Robespierre; and would desire to thank you for many acts of true and courageous comradeship."

"And when do you propose to leave Paris?"

"I purpose sending back the Citoyenne Louvet, her daughter, and the little maid, Bruyset, to the Hôtel de Fournier, whence, as you know, I had them last night taken to the Conciergerie, and, the pretty widow consenting, I intend to leave before dusk, and thus begin our honeymoon, with or without the ceremony of marriage, civil or otherwise."

"You have been a patient wooer," said Robespierre.

"Until now," said de Fournier. "Last night she scorned me; this morning she has sent me a repentant message."

"Good-bye," said Robespierre, offering his hand. "I shall miss you; I have often profited by your good advice; the patriots have found your money useful. I thank you for the patriots."

"Good-bye, my friend," said de Fournier. "The memory of your friendship will help me."

Robespierre's thin hand made but a slight response to de Fournier's grip.

"May I beg a favor," said de Fournier; "the exchange, not of snuff only, but an exchange of boxes? I will keep yours as a souvenir of your nobility of mind, your statesmanship, and the honor of your friendship."

"With pleasure, citizen friend," said Robespierre, handing de Fournier a small silver box with "François Maximilien Robespierre" engraved upon the lid in fanciful ornamental writing.

"Always generous, Grébaulval," said Robespierre, examining the jeweled box which de Fournier handed to him from the pocket of Grébaulval's embroidered vest. "You give me twenty times the value of my own."

"Your box, citizen, is bejeweled with the fame of its owner."

"By all the classic saints and sinners, the pretty widow of the dead *ci-devant* count has given your tongue the twist of the courtier! And now, farewell. I shall look for early dispatches from the front."

"You shall have them," said de Fournier. "Farewell!" and he stood in the doorway while Jaffray Ellicott bowed out the illustrious tribune, who condescended to say, "Au revoir, Citizen Ellicott," at the same time acknowledging the military salute of the gendarme on duty.

"Thank God, that is over!" exclaimed de Fournier, flinging himself with a great sigh of relief into the deputy's chair.

"I congratulate you," said Jaffray.

"And now, Jaffray," said de Fournier, "what is the next item on our programme?"

"A walk through the court, sit for a few moments by the judges, exchange a greeting with Fouquier-Tinville; take a carriage with me to

the Hôtel de Fournier, give orders yourself for the preparations you desire; see the woman who is waiting-maid to your wife, tell her that madame has consented to your union—give it her as a secret, and at the same time make her a handsome present. I will take the major domo of the house into my confidence, pay him well; he will direct the arrangements for your departure. He knows what happened last night. I shall tell him that madame has given way, under the influence of her mother and the threat of Mademoiselle la Guillotine, and he will make merry over it!"

"Curse him!" said de Fournier.

"By all means," said Jaffray. "After that, you will return and order up the prisoners for interrogation; and you will—"

"Conduct that part of the business in my own way, Jaffray."

"Certainly," said Jaffray, "if you frighten Madame de Louvet a little—but I hope you will deal gently with Marie."

"Never fear," said de Fournier. "If I am tempted to play the part of Grébaud too long it will be that the rôle of de Fournier shall appear all the more gracious. But let us not celebrate our victory until it is won."

(To be continued.)

Chase's Famous Studio.

MR. WILLIAM M. CHASE, for twelve years president of the Society of American Artists, member of the National Academy of Design, instructor in the Art Students' League, head of the Shinnecock School of Art, and a painter of great eminence, has just given up the old studio in Tenth Street which he has occupied for eighteen years, and which has long been famous on account of the rare collections that it holds, and also by reason of the splendid entertainments given and receptions held in it. Mr. Chase has made this move for a two-fold reason—his collections had become too large and extensive for private ownership, and his studio without them and without the pupils he has had in it would have been larger than he had any need of. And Mr. Chase means to give up teaching in a general way, anyhow, and in the future to confine his attention almost exclusively to the creation of original work. He does not mean to carry out this determination abruptly, for he will take a class to Madrid in the latter part of January, to study the works of Velasquez and the other masters in the galleries and public buildings of the Spanish capital; and in 1897 he will take another class to Holland to study Hals and others of the Dutch masters. He will also, for several years at least, carry on his work at Shinnecock Hills. But he will give up his place at the Art Students' League and the Brooklyn School of Art, and he will no longer have pupils in his own studio.

This is a notable happening in the American world of art, for Mr. Chase, both as instructor and as painter, has been for fifteen years the most forceful exponent of that progress which has raised art in this country from almost nothing to its present honorable position. That he should be willing to give up teaching at this time is an indication that he is satisfied with the condition of affairs in our art world to-day, and confident that art will by a healthy growth attain in an entirely natural way a vigorous maturity. He is not giving up teaching because he is tired of it, or because he has in any sense lost his enthusiasm and zeal, but because he feels that he is no longer absolutely needed. Then, again, he is forty-five years old, and now, in the fullness of his powers as an artist and strength as a man, he feels that he should devote himself with all his present might to the more individual work of painting.

As a teacher Chase has been very successful, and there are few of the younger men and women who have studied successfully in this country without the advantage of his instruction and criticism. Among those who have won distinction may be mentioned C. C. Curran, Irving R. Wiles, A. B. Frost, Mrs. Leslie Cotton, Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, and Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood. There have been dozens of others, others who deserve, no doubt, to rank with those named, but the present writer at the moment happens to recall particularly those mentioned.

Mr. Chase's pupils might properly be put into two classes—those he has instructed in the schools and those he has taught in his own studio. Those who have been in this second class have, of course, had a closer relation with their master than those who merely met him in his class-rooms. His last studio class consists of twelve members—Messrs. A. B. Frost, Howard Chandler Christy, Charles E. Langley, Ernest Meyer, Martin Bogard, Cadwallader L. Washburn, Charles F. Negley, Mrs. George H. Page, Mrs. Manners, Miss Ellen Dallett, Miss Helen Pupke, and Miss Kemp. The page of paintings reproduced in this paper were made by six of these students, and it may be that they represent fairly well what students of natural talent,

after four or five years of hard work and good instruction, can accomplish.

Mr. Langley, who painted the still life, has been in Mr. Chase's studio for five years, and ever since he came from his home in Topeka, Kansas. He has exhibited at the American Society and the National Academy. He goes to Madrid, where he will join Mr. Chase's class, but he will go by another route, as he has a commission to execute in England before going to Spain.

Mr. Christy painted the marine. The original recalls the work of Alexander Harrison. Mr. Christy came from his native Ohio several years ago, and has studied both at the League and the Academy. He has also been at Shinnecock two seasons. It is likely that Mr. Christy may be diverted from painting by his success as an illustrator, as he has already sold drawings to the *Century* and other publications of the first rank.

Mr. Meyer, the painter of the hay-stack, is a German, and has been Mr. Chase's pupil five years. He has exhibited at the Academy. Mr. Washburn belongs to the Washburn family, being a son of the ex-Senator from Minnesota, and nephew to half a dozen other famous American Washburns. He meant to be an architect, and was studying in Boston with that purpose when an accident turned his attention from mechanical to free-hand drawing. This was so much more to his liking that he concluded to study art seriously. He has been in Mr. Chase's studio four years, studying also with the classes at the League and at Shinnecock. He goes with the class to Madrid, and will then spend some time in Europe.

Miss Dallett and Miss Pupke each contribute a portrait study. They have been students four or five years, and are pursuing their work with serious purpose. Miss Dallett, who lives at East Orange, has opened a studio in New York, and Miss Pupke has a studio at Southampton. The latter is now modeling under the instruction of Augustus St. Gaudens.

When the students have gone out of the old Tenth Street studio for the last time the collections of paintings, bronzes, brasses, cabinets, tapestries, swords, pistols, spears, antique finger-rings, and so on, will be taken to the American Art Association rooms, where they will be exhibited during the first week in January, and then sold to the highest bidder.

The American Chess Champion.



HENRY NELSON PILLSBURY.

THE phenomenal success of Henry Nelson Pillsbury, a young member of the Brooklyn Chess Club, in the recent tournament at Hastings, England, and in the masters' tournament now in progress at St. Petersburg, has not been equaled by an American, nor have chess circles of this country been so enthusiastic over a player, since the Southern genius, Paul Morphy, retired from public chess life in 1859.

Mr. Pillsbury was born at Somerville, near Boston, Massachusetts, in December, 1872, and has, therefore, just passed his twenty-third birthday. He commenced to learn chess at sixteen, and at nineteen years of age was the best player in Boston. In speaking of his method of acquiring a knowledge of the intricate game the young champion says that he began the study of the openings as one would a language, devoting three hours a day to them. He is now so thoroughly posted that he is familiar with the ideas of the leading analysts, and in one opening—the queen's pawn—Mr. Pillsbury is recognized as one of the authorities.

In 1892, when William Steinitz visited Boston, he found Mr. Pillsbury the leader of the Boston Chess Club. Two games were played by them—Mr. Steinitz conceding odds of pawn and move. Mr. Pillsbury surprised the champion by winning both games. Later in that year Arnold Schottlaender and C. A. Wallbrodt, German chess masters, visited Boston, and both were defeated by Pillsbury.

In 1893 Mr. Pillsbury participated in the impromptu international chess tournament which was gotten up for the experts who had come from Europe to participate in the Columbian Chess

Congress, and later in that year he surprised the players in the New York City Chess Club tournament by winning first prize without losing a game. In 1894 Mr. Pillsbury became an active member of the Brooklyn Chess Club, and has been their leading player.

When the Brooklyn club decided to send Mr. Pillsbury to Hastings to compete in a tournament with twenty-one chess-masters, among whom were the best players the world possessed, many here considered it presumption, and predicted that he would not be higher in the final score than sixth or seventh. Among his competitors at Hastings were William Steinitz, who had held the championship of the world against all challengers for twenty-eight years until 1894, when he was defeated by the young German, Emanuel Lasker; Dr. Sigmund Tarrasch, of Nuremberg, Germany, winner of first prizes in four successive international tournaments; Emanuel Lasker, the conqueror of Steinitz, and, though only twenty-seven years of age, the acknowledged leader of the chess world; Michael Ivanovitch Tschigorin, champion of Russia, a player whose record made him equal to Tarrasch and Steinitz. The first four prizes were believed to be almost certainties for these gentlemen. Mr. Pillsbury gained fame by winning first prize, Tschigorin was second, Lasker third, Tarrasch fourth, Steinitz fifth. Mr. Pillsbury lost only three games, one each to Lasker, Tschigorin, and Carl Schlechter of Vienna. He drew three games and won fifteen. Mr. Pillsbury's record in this tournament was wonderful; he seemed to rise to the emergency, and the quality of his games, which is the crucial test of a chess-player's powers, is so high that they rank with the productions of the masters.

At the conclusion of the Hastings tournament the St. Petersburg Chess Club invited the first five prize-winners, Pillsbury, Lasker, Steinitz, Tschigorin, and Tarrasch, to visit the Russian metropolis in December and play a tournament for prizes offered by the club. Dr. Tarrasch was unable to be present, but the other gentlemen accepted and the tournament was commenced at the St. Petersburg Chess Club, December 13th. The club pays all hotel and traveling expenses of the players, and offers four prizes, \$250, \$150, \$100, \$50 for the best scores. In addition the winner of every game receives \$20, the loser \$5.

When a game is drawn each of the two players receives \$10. Each player will contest six games with every other player. Mr. Pillsbury is sustaining the reputation he gained at Hastings, his games at St. Petersburg being models of accurate chess analysis.

A Russian correspondent writes of the opening seasons of the seventh tournament:

"The splendid rooms of the chess club, much finer and larger than any you are said to have in New York, are on the most fashionable street of our city—the Newsky Prospect—and already, before the play actually commenced, began to be filled nightly after your young countryman, Pillsbury, made his appearance."

It must be said of Pillsbury that he at once won his way into the favor of all Russians, every one finding him magnetic and charming, and without affectation or arrogance—in short, natural and unspoiled by success.

At board No. 1 Lasker engaged Pillsbury at play, and for some reason the game of the young masters excited the most curiosity. As soon as it was seen that the American had selected the Russian counter attack for his début, there was instant excitement and a suggestion of applause, at least to the extent of a recognition of the intended compliment. What was most surprising to all was Pillsbury's extreme coolness. During the first few moves his face seemed to express almost indifference of his opponent's strength, and he made his plays with a languid, deliberate ease that astonished the spectators. But suddenly, after Lasker's eleventh move, B—K B 4, all the apparent apathy vanished, Pillsbury sweeping off Lasker's



EMANUEL LASKER.



MICHAEL IVANOVITCH TSCHIGORIN.

knight with a snap, and thereupon playing with such rapidity as to show that he had seen through the game to victory. At the conclusion of the brilliant game your countryman was congratulated most enthusiastically, but hardly waiting to receive which, he sat down quietly at the scoring-table to copy out the moves."

People Talked About.

—No Washington correspondent has reported the sight of Thomas B. Reed on a bicycle, and it is probable that with Congress and a Presidential boom on his hands at the same time, he has been too busy for wheeling. He practiced assiduously with a wheel at Grand Beach, in Maine, last summer, and learned to ride, but found it useless for the purpose of reducing his weight. Mr. Reed's too, too solid flesh does not melt easily. He weighs about two hundred and seventy pounds now, while as far back as thirty years ago, when he was a youthful member of the Maine Legislature, he tipped the beam to fully two hundred pounds. His rotundity of person is of the normal kind, on which even hard training has small effect.

—Fred Taral, the jockey, goes South every year for a season of elegant leisure, and wherever he appears the newspapers print extensive and laudatory accounts of his remarkable career. It is indeed a remarkable career that within a few years makes a stable-boy worth thirty thousand dollars a year to his employers. This is what Taral has earned for several seasons past on the race-track, and what Marcus Daly will pay him next season. One year he is reputed to have earned forty-two thousand dollars, though his services in any other capacity would not be worth two per cent. interest on that amount. Taral has a handsome house in New York, and other investments in real estate.

—Miss Clara Barton exhibits a remarkable degree of energy in her resolution to lead the Red Cross relief societies personally into Armenia, for she is some years past seventy. Her health is excellent, however, and she considers herself thoroughly equal to the task. Miss Barton lives in Washington, in the old house that Grant used as his headquarters during war times. She was a clerk in the United States Patent-office when she was a young girl, and was still in the employ of the government in that capacity when she resigned her position, just after the war broke out, to organize societies of nurses for service on the battle-field.

—According to the accounts printed in the London papers the celebration in Germany of the eightieth birthday of the famous painter, Menzel, furnished a unique spectacle. The great artist, the most popular of his time in the fatherland, is so small of stature as to be almost a dwarf, and when the six gigantic grenadiers, whom the Emperor had ordered to attend him, presented arms before the little painter the contrast was ludicrous. Menzel lives an almost hermit life on the top floor of a Berlin house, and he is as self-denying in his habits as when he was a poor boy seeking his fortune.

—It is sometimes forgotten that Lord Salisbury was a "British reviewer" in his younger days, and that he might have become as able an editor as he is premier if his rank and fortune had not turned him to statesmanship. His debut in journalism was made just after he left Oxford, when, as a younger son, it became necessary for him to mark out a career for himself. In his personal appearance nowadays Salisbury is a fine example of the typical English squire—a slow, heavy, massive kind of man, but with a mind as alert as that which won his famous ancestor a queen's favor.

—John Habberton is so distinctively a man of one book, though the author of many, that it is interesting to learn of the continued sale of "Helen's Babies." During the period of its great popularity more than one hundred thousand copies of the work were sold, and the author received a royalty of ten per cent., though there was an erroneous story of his having disposed of the manuscript for one hundred dollars. Mr. Habberton has for some years been a member of the thriving literary colony at New Rochelle.

—Mrs. Grant is said to be happier in her new Washington home, with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her children about her, than she has been since the death of General Grant. She is busily occupied with her household duties and with the preparation of a book of reminiscences on which she has long been at work, and which is likely to see the light of print before the winter is over. Her new home is the old Edmunds house, which was occupied by Secretary Olney just before Mrs. Grant purchased it.

—The appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin as poet laureate is another illustration of the fact that "kissing goes by favor." Mr. Austin has been useful to the Conservative party, and for that reason alone, although in no sense the equal as a poet of Swinburne, Morris, or Watson, is hoisted into the place of Tennyson as the fifteenth laureate.



Her recreation off the stage.



Miss Odette Tyler,
dressing for the
2nd. ACT
of "THE
GAY PARISIANS."



L. ROUSH.



A STREET IN KIMBERLEY.



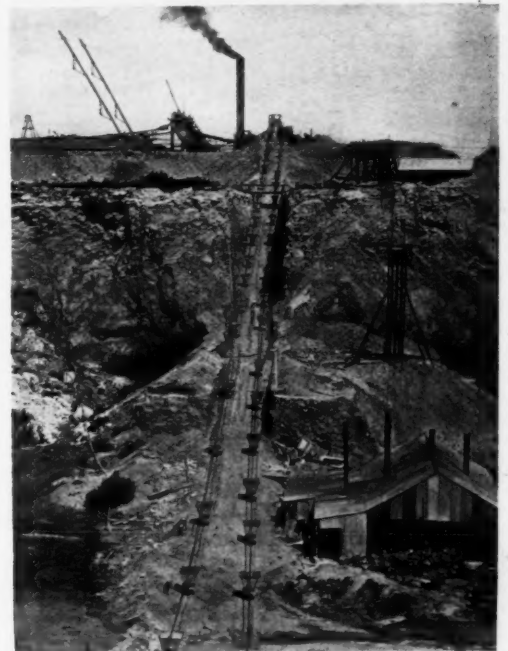
MAIN STREET IN PRETORIA.



PAUL KRÜGER, PRESIDENT OF THE BOER REPUBLIC



SORTING GRAVEL FOR DIAMONDS.



A DIAMOND MINE.



PIET JOUBERT, COMMANDER OF THE BOER FORCES.



COMMISSIONER STREET IN JOHANNESBURG.



DR. LEANDER S. JAMESON, LEADER OF THE FILIBUSTERS.



GROUP OF KAFFIRS.



A TYPE OF KAFFIR WOMEN.

ALL EUROPE EXCITED OVER THE INVASION OF THE TRANSVAAL BY BRITISH FILIBUSTERS—ITS GOLD AND DIAMOND MINES THE PRIZE THEY HAVE IN VIEW.—[SEE PAGE 44.]

Exporting American Dogs.

THE breeding of dogs in America has become a recognized industry—an industry, however, stimulated by importations, and hitherto unmarked by any reciprocal exportations. But now a dog has been bred in America of such superlative excellence that the demand for him in England has become irresistible, and he has just been shipped to the great home of the modern high-class dog, where he will be used in the stud and exhibited in bench shows. Allusion



CHAMPION BEAUFORT'S BLACK PRINCE.

is made to that splendid champion mastiff, Beaufort's Black Prince, bred by Mr. James L. Winchell, of Fairhaven, Vermont, and now sold to Mr. W. Norman Higgs, Honorary Secretary of the English Mastiff Club, and the largest breeder and most extensive exhibitor of that breed of dogs in Great Britain.

Black Prince has been exhibited at all the principal bench shows in America for five years past and has an unbroken record, having won the cups and medals of the Mastiff Club no less than nineteen times. He has been since his first exhibition one of the most famous dogs in this country, and he has, wherever shown, been always a distinguished feature of the exhibition. Offers were made several years ago to Mr. Winchell to sell this dog to English breeders, but he has always declined till he should have of his own breeding a worthy successor of this wonderful Black Prince. Mr. Winchell has that dog now in Prince Brampton, a son of Black Prince, and destined to be as noted as his famous sire.

The price paid for Beaufort's Black Prince is private, but it may be said that it is an equivalent of the highest figure ever given for a mastiff in this country. This high price was re-

gentlemen who bred them for the love of them they continued to improve; when the mere professional dog-fanciers took them up because they were easily salable, they sought for quantity rather than quality, for any big dog with a mastiff appearance would find a purchaser. Mongrel mastiffs soon brought the breed into disrepute, and the gentlest, most kindly, most watchfully sagacious animal of the canine race came to be looked upon as savage, cruel, and treacherous.

But even in such times there have been those who have kept their faith, and have believed that so good a dog, if proper breeding were persisted in, would outlive his bad name and regain his lost favor. Pre-eminent among these optimistic breeders of the mastiff has been Mr. Winchell, who has just been rewarded by the distinction of exporting the first American-bred dog of this kind to the country where the breed originated. What is more, he is so strong in his faith that he is bringing from England other mastiffs to cross with his own strains and so strengthen and improve them. He will appear with Prince Brampton at the February bench show and try conclusions with all the best mastiffs in the country. One picture on this page represents Beaufort's Black Prince at six years old, and as he appeared when he sailed; the other picture shows Black Prince and Brampton Prince, father and son, side by side. The son is now fourteen months old.



Olga Nethersole.

WITHIN the past year Olga Nethersole has studied four of the most contradictory types of womanhood and has appeared successfully as each. She was *Camille* in accent and heart, every dramatic touch sure and true, and she was young and beautiful as Dumas's heroine must have been, and which *Camille* has perhaps never been before upon the stage; for neither Duse nor Bernhardt emphasizes the youth of this Parisian moth, dying so radiantly.

In London she took Mrs. Patrick Campbell's place, and played *Mrs. Ebbsmith* on lines directly in contrast to her predecessor's. Only those familiar with the stage can estimate what a bold stroke this was, and how no woman save one sure of herself could so upset the preconceived idea of critics and play-goers. As Mrs.

Ebbsmith she was the woman of mind and of strong but perverted opinions, sinning at first discriminately and with bitter defiance—later clinging weakly and passionately to her false position for the sake of an all-absorbing love only.

Other cities have used the most enthusiastic and tenderest adjectives in describing her *Juliet*. And New York has but lately been awakened and interested by her audacious *Carmen*.

The wonder is that a woman who could play Mrs. *Ebbsmith* could play *Carmen*, and still more strange that both should be played with power and consistency.

Just before luncheon hour, one morning recently, I had a chat with Miss Nethersole. There had been two performances of "*Carmen*" the day before, and late though it was, the actress was still lounging in her boudoir. As she lay among the pillows,

her hair about her, one could see exactly how she looked when a school-girl.

Her eyes are large, full, and of clear, medium blue; the curve of her mouth is lithe, the lips are mobile, capable of great expression, and her smile is extremely frank and bright. She looks about twenty-three.

"You'll be surprised, perhaps, to know," she said, "that I went but four times to the theatre before I appeared upon the stage. I had seen a great deal of opera, but the drama, minus music, I knew practically nothing of."

"You studied somewhere, though?"

"I served my apprenticeship upon the stage. I never had a teacher, and I don't believe in schools of acting. The young doctor who goes into a hospital ward knows more in a month than he would in a year from lectures."

"How long have you been on the stage?"

"Nine years. I have played many parts in that time, and seen a good bit of the world. I suppose you are wondering whether I like to play *Carmen*, and what I think of her?"

As Miss Nethersole spoke I could not help contrasting her with the little gypsy wanton whose kisses have made the critics sharpen their pens—the one so boldly brilliant, insinuating, cruel, fierce, and bad—the other so typically an English gentlewoman with a face of pale, intellectual beauty.

"I have tried to portray *Carmen* as I understand her—a woman ruled by the baser passions, depraved, bright, and hard. She knows one hint of softness, and one only—where she advises *José* to return to his mother."

"Do you think she loved *José*?"

She looked speculative and introspective as she lay among the pillows, her arms clasped under her head.

"I think she did," she said, firmly. "Of course it was animal love, purely—such love as *Carmen* could feel. A nature like hers only respects brute strength and resistance. She never could make a slave of *José* as she had of the others, therefore she secretly loved him in her way. Gain and a craving for excitement made her false to him, but the man who could make her afraid owned all the love she was capable of giving. Do you know," said Miss Nethersole, very convincingly, "I think *Carmen* possessed the characteristics which made Napoleon an arbiter. She dominated her little world; she was the leader, the bright, baleful star—she had the force which under better conditions and with a little heart would have made an ideal queen of her; placed, as she was, with every inclination toward depravity, illiterate, poor, she brought death and disaster to all whose lives she crossed."

"Will you not play *Juliet* in New York?"

"I fear not. Ah, I do wish it were possible!" and her face was full of impatient longing. "I would like above all things to play *Juliet* one afternoon, and *Carmen* that night. What a contrast that would be! How I should enjoy it! I try to make *Juliet* a very child of love and innocence—even my gowns are made to accentuate her youth. Oh, I wish I could play these two parts in one day!"

"Where do you go when you leave New York?"

"To all the large cities except Boston and Washington, from which I've lately come."

"Do you play in New York soon again?"

"Not for a very long time, I fear. In March I go to London and play there during the London season. Later I appear in the capitals of the world. I go first to Paris, then to Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, Moscow. It's a delightful prospect, and one I never weary of dreaming about. I will play in English well-known parts like *Camille*, *Juliet*, *Carmen*."

That her departure from us may mean not good-bye, only a long *au revoir*, is surely the wish of New York, which from the first has acknowledged Miss Nethersole's genius, beauty, and wonderful versatility. KATE JORDAN.

"An Artist's Model."

"AN ARTIST'S MODEL" is a play without a plot. This is nothing unusual in such plays as are brought over to this country by the "Gaiety Girl" and other like companies. For this reason it is dependent for its success upon the number of bright people, men and women, composing the company.

The gorgeousness of the upholstery of the women in this play is something remarkable. The costumes of even the subordinates are elaborate, and are worn with the style of a "real lady." Among the cleverest of these people is Miss Marie Studholme. Miss Studholme can neither dance nor sing well, but she possesses a magnetic charm, and above all a very handsome face, of a doll-like pattern, which is an all-powerful factor in acquiring popularity.

A Comedienne from "Dixie."

NEW YORK is the Mecca of aspiring *Juliets* and *Lady Gay Spankers*. They flock here from every nook and corner of the land. Many find that theatrical ambition, when unsatisfied, has an intensely bitter flavor, and turn to other things; many go home, a few succeed.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, there came to the metropolis a young woman from Dixie's land whose heart was aflame with one big resolution. "I'm going to be an actress in a good company in New York, and I'm going to deserve such an achievement," she said to herself.

Her equipment was one to inspire her with

confidence. She was young, very pretty, had an American girl's dash and ingenuous frankness, mingled with what the French call *espiègerie*; her face was sparkling, humorous, and she seemed fitted for gowns with a Parisian flutter to them, tantalizing mysteries of lace and ribbon.

In fact, Nature had turned Miss Odette Tyler out of her work-shopequipped for comedy from the most coquettish curl falling over her forehead to her small and petulant heel covered by a Parisian slipper.

She made her first impression on New-Yorkers when, a member of Charles Frohman's forces, she appeared in the society dramas of Belasco and De Mille, notably "Men and Women," "The Lost Paradise," "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

In all of these Miss Tyler was successful, and in her chic gowns made one of the most inviting of stage pictures. Sipping five o'clock tea upon the stage, or listening to a proposal in the most correct of afternoon gowns, she always looked like one of McVicker's most piquant sketches imbued with vivacious life.

In "The Councillor's Wife," by Jerome, she had her first opportunity to do leading comedy work, and her interpretation of the overdressed, pretty wife of a hypocritical politician was finished and delightful.

For many months past New-Yorkers have laughed over her escapade and its attendant difficulties in "The Gay Parisians." The play's long run was largely due to Miss Tyler's mirth-provoking semblance of jealousy and defiance first, then fear of being unmasked after her disastrous attempt to "pay her husband back."

Truly American in "go" and originality, Miss Tyler has been an ardent bicyclist for a long time. After her mimic life every night among gas-light and lime-light, grease-paint, and powder (necessary factors in her art), she thinks it a better tonic to get on her wheel, cover miles and miles of sunlit road, and feel the fresh air blow upon her face, than to rest in her boudoir and find refreshment in warm baths.

When Miss Tyler leaves "The Gay Parisians" she will start, independently, as a "star" in Jerome's play, "The Councillor's Wife," and will doubtless repeat her former success. Her tour begins in Savannah, her native town.

KATE JORDAN.

Grandma's Wedding Gown.

Lo! here is grandma, just stepped down
From the picture on the wall,
Dressed in her famous wedding gown,
To attend the fancy ball!
No wrinkle mars her dear, sweet face,
She looks, with cheeks aglow,
Just as she looked, in pearls and lace,
Seventy years ago!

No wonder she was worshiped then
In all the country-side!
No wonder hearts were broken when
She wore this gown, a bride!
And, oh! to-night she's just as fair
As when she wore it so,
With girdled waist and powdered hair,
Seventy years ago!

The satin, once of spotless white,
Is yellowed with the years;
The veil that fell in folds of light
Is stained, but not with tears;
For grandma's life was one long May,
As free from ill and woe
As was her perfect wedding-day,
Seventy years ago.

To-night, in all her youth and grace,
For all to praise that see,
The old love-light upon her face,
She comes to dance with me,
Ah, rose so like the parent flower!
Full soon our love shall know
The joy that crowned her bridal hour,
Seventy years ago!

ARTHUR GRISSOM.

The Transvaal Invasion.

THE recent invasion of the Transvaal, the country of the Boers, by an armed force of Englishmen under Dr. Jameson, administrator of the South Africa Company, has been disavowed by the British government, but the feeling is prevalent that the attack could not have been organized without the knowledge of the Colonial Office or of its immediate representatives in Cape Colony. There has been a feud of long standing between the Boers and the English, growing out of the constant encroachments of the latter, and the constitution of the republic carefully guards against the admission of British subjects to any share in the management of its affairs. These restrictions have been especially irksome to the crowd of adventurers who have rushed into the gold-bearing districts and made Johannesburg, which did not exist nine years ago, a town of over fifty thousand white inhabitants. For two years past these men have appealed to England to interfere, and the recent invasion was in



Beaufort's Black Prince Prince Brampton.
FATHER AND SON.

ceived at a time when mastiffs are not as fashionable in America as they used to be—not as great favorites as they well deserve. It is a curious fact applicable to all dogs, but specially to large dogs, that whenever they reach such a point of public favor that they have an easily-attained market price the unscrupulous dealers breed them in such an indiscriminate and reckless way that the great majority of them deteriorate, and then, as a natural corollary, the family begins to lose favor. This has been the marked fate of the mastiff in America. When the chief breeders of these splendid fellows were

response to their request, supplemented by a promise of co-operation. This co-operation, however, failed the invaders, and in a pitched engagement the latter were defeated with serious loss, Dr. Jameson himself being taken prisoner with about five hundred others, who are held for trial. The news of the encounter and its result produced great excitement in England, but the act of aggression was so inexcusable that hardly any reputable newspaper, and few persons in official circles, have ventured to justify it. Among the people, however, there are evidences of sympathy with Jameson and his men, and the repudiation of the filibusters by Mr. Chamberlain has been vigorously denounced.

The German government manifests great irritation over the assault upon the Boer republic, and there are intimations that it will interfere actively if its interests in South Africa are further endangered. The Emperor promptly congratulated Paul Krüger, the president of the Boer republic, upon his victory over the invaders—a fact which is interpreted by the English press as indicating a distinctively hostile purpose. The French press and people also manifest great bitterness of feeling over the onslaught on the Boers. The excitement in England over this affair has entirely obscured the Venezuela incident.

HISTORY OF THE BOER REPUBLIC.

The sudden growth of Johannesburg has scarcely been equaled in the annals of history, not even by our own Western towns of mushroom growth. Where there was a mere mining-camp formed in the midst of a barren desert in 1859, five years later was a city with substantial brick blocks, the material for the building of which had to be transported for many miles by means of oxen. Owing to the astonishing wealth of the Witwatersrand gold-fields there was an influx of foreigners into the Boer republic, the so-called Transvaal. There was gold—gold in abundance—but it was in the Boers' country, and the Boers said: "You may have the gold; we are glad you have come. We will furnish you with wives and servants; but you must make your homes with us, and your children shall be our children and participate in our laws and government."

The South African Company have extended their railroads to the frontier of the Transvaal. Thence they can go no further. The Boers say: "We do not want railroads. Let our wealth remain where it is. We are a peaceable people; let us alone."

In Johannesburg there are nine foreigners or Uitlanders to one Boer. It was expected, as before said, that when Dr. Jameson made his filibustering raid these Uitlanders would come immediately to his assistance. As peaceably inclined as the Boers are, they are sturdy fighters and excellent shooters, as they proved themselves in their defeat of the English at Majerba Hill in 1881.

President Krüger is an old man and not intelligent, but his directions to the people are almost religiously observed.

Dr. Jameson went to South Africa and settled at Kimberley, famous for its diamond mines. As a practitioner he was eminently successful, and in 1891 he was appointed administrator of Mafeking.

The Boers are the descendants of the Dutch and Huguenot settlers at the Cape of Good Hope. Dissatisfied with English rule, they emigrated from the cape in 1834 and settled Natal, with their capital at Pietermaritzburg. The English followed them, and in 1840 they again settled a new territory, that which is now known as the Orange State, only to find the English still claiming jurisdiction over them. In 1848 they pushed their way further north, where they founded the new republic of the Transvaal, with their capital at Pretoria.

With the discovery of gold in their territory, in 1877, the Boers found themselves again annexed to the British empire. But they rose in rebellion and completely routed the English troops. A storm of indignation was raised about the ears of Mr. Gladstone for his refusal to allow the British troops just landed at Natal to exterminate the valiant Boers, but he adhered to the position that he had taken before the British defeat had become known, and the independence of the South African republic was recognized, March 21st, 1881.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

The Dunraven Charges.

On November 9th of last year there appeared in the London *Field* a long article, written by Lord Dunraven, making the charge that the *Defender*, the successful America's Cup defender of 1895, took on ballast between the times of

the two official measurements made on September 6th and 8th. Subsequently the article was published in pamphlet form.

Naturally, bitter condemnation of the man thus to discredit the American sportsman who managed the *Defender* followed, and, save the blind allegiance of a few English papers, the press of the world deplored and criticised Lord Dunraven's action.

To say that Mr. Iselin, Mr. Herreshoff, the designer of the *Defender*, and others who assisted Mr. Iselin in the running of the boat were disgusted and aroused by Dunraven's action is to state the case mildly indeed.

The course alone open to Mr. Iselin was to ask the New York Yacht Club to take cognizance of such an unsportsmanlike action, and in pursuance of Mr. Iselin's request for a meeting of the New York Yacht Club to undertake or to set on foot an investigation of the Dunraven charges—an investigation which Mr. Iselin sincerely and earnestly courted—one was held, and this committee appointed: J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney, George L. Rives, E. J. Phelps, and Captain A. J. Mahan, United States Navy.

The personnel of the committee was perfect, and one better fitted to impress Englishmen with a sense of respect could not have been formed. In every way it was a wise selection, and stamped at once as certain the fact that whatever conclusions they arrived at as a result of a hearing would have due weight with every one, without regard to race.

About the time this committee was made up a rumor was circulated to the effect that Dunraven would come to America to assist the committee.

The rumor when first aired gained little credence. People generally refused to believe his lordship possessed the necessary nerve to come over, when on the surface of things he had no real proof to back up his statement. So when he really sailed, on December 18th, much surprise was occasioned in consequence, and many were the remarks of the "weak-kneed" to the effect that such a bold step must surely mean that there was more flame than smoke to his lordship's charges.

Accompanying Lord Dunraven was Mr. Arthur Glennie, who sailed with him on the *Valkyrie III.* during the races with the *Defender*, and G. R. Asquith, legal adviser. They arrived in New York on the 26th.

The following day the hearing began. It was a remarkable one. While members of the club were admitted to the club-house on the first floor, not a soul save those directly connected with the investigation was allowed admittance to the model-room on the second floor, which had been duly arranged for the seating of the special committee and the English party.

Representatives of the press were excluded even from the first floor, and had to be content, in consequence, with the sidewalk. Detectives were on guard about the club-house, and when it had been discovered, shortly after the meeting had gotten down to work, that a newspaper man was listening at the big skylight in the roof, directly over the model-room, they were stationed also on near-by roofs to guard against a return.

The session lasted till 6 P.M., and on Saturday was continued all day. On Friday the committee heard Dunraven as well as his friend Mr. Glennie, and Mr. Asquith presented Dunraven's charges and read, as well, the affidavits of Captains Cranfield and Sycamore and members of the *Valkyrie* crew.

By Saturday noon the committee had finished with the English end of the affair, and Dunraven and Glennie could not get away too quickly in order to catch the *Umbria*, which actually sailed away with them Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Asquith was left behind to represent Dunraven in the closing proceedings of the committee.

After Dunraven's departure, although no member of the committee or any one else who had listened to the proceedings would say anything whatsoever that in any way concerned what happened, it was generally noised about and believed that a case had not been made out by Mr. Asquith, who lacked utterly the substantial kind of proof necessary to success.

On the other hand, it was believed that Mr. Iselin, managing owner of the *Defender*; "Nat" Herreshoff, designer and builder; W. Butler Duncan, and others of the *Defender* party, including Captains Haff, Terry, and a dozen of the crew who were on hand, simply flooded the committee with convincing proofs of their squareness and their innocence of any such base charge as brought by Dunraven.

The *Defender* party had the able services of Joseph Choate, whose qualification for the position was such as to really enlist for Dunraven in the hearts of Americans a bit of pity.

The first race between the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie III.* was sailed September 7th, and Dunraven's charges were the outcome of observations by himself and friends which seemed to

show that the *Defender* did not sail the race on her measured load-water-line length.

How Dunraven came to this remarkable conclusion is best told in his own words:

"When I put Mr. Henderson, my representative, on board the *Defender*, about nine o'clock in the morning of September 7th, after the *Hattie Palmer* had left her, I felt perfectly certain that the *Defender* was immersed deeper than when measured. Not only was her bobstay bolt nearer the water, which might have been the result of an alteration of trim, but, judging by the line of bronze plating and by the fact that a pipe amidships, which was flush with the water when she was measured, was nowhere visible, she was, in my deliberate opinion, floating about four inches deeper in the water than when measured."

It was not until September 8th that the *Defender*, by request of Dunraven, was re-measured, and at that time she was found to have the same load-water-line length as at the first measurement. Had the *Defender* been measured immediately after the race, Dunraven would not have had the chance to claim that during the night of September 7th ballast was removed to such an extent as to bring the *Defender* to her proper lines.

Mr. Asquith, for Dunraven, labored for weary hours in the hopeless task of proving this kind of trickery on the part of the *Defender* people, and it is surmised that Mr. Choate, for Mr. Iselin, just as effectually knocked away every leg which supported the Englishman's statements.

It is not generally believed that the report of the committee will deal harshly with Dunraven. Yet there is every ground to think that his lordship's future career in the world of sport will never again include that of international yacht-racing with the America's Cup as the trophy at stake.

CREW MATTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Harvard crew started training for their race with Cornell, possibly with Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, on January 3d.

Thirty-two candidates turned out; rather a fine showing for a first day. The names of the men and their weights follow:

F. L. Ames, 160 pounds; J. H. Perkins, 178; J. Stillman, 175; A. H. Brewer, 165; D. M. Goodrich, 170; S. Hollister, 172; E. A. Bruguere, 175; W. B. Lloyd, 193; C. A. Hurley, 160; D. F. Murphy, 173; G. W. Matthews, 165; A. W. Stevens, 163; E. W. Ames, 165; J. A. Moulton, 172; A. H. Rice, 165; A. T. Jennings, 184; H. E. Gibby, 160; M. G. Connor, 178; W. D. Hennen, 198; R. B. Hayes, 165; H. A. Curtis, 165; W. A. Hall, 168; A. E. Dacy, 160; J. N. Conger, 180; S. S. Sanborn, 172; J. F. Hall, 160; C. E. Sanders, 190; L. Williams, 180; P. S. Smith, 170; M. Donald, 175; J. J. Hayes, Jr., 168; R. H. Stevenson, 178.

Of these, Stillman and Jennings rowed last year, as also Stevenson, who stroked the crew for a part of last season, and Bullard, who is captain this year.

Arthur Brewer, of foot-ball fame, pleased his many friends by appearing as a candidate for rowing honors, and his zeal and spirit to help along the cause of rowing is expected to create and maintain more than ordinary interest in the competition for seats in the boat.

Coach Watson is said to be pleased with the personnel of the men, and hopes to turn out a crew better by many points than last year's, which so sadly disappointed supporters of the crimson by their lame effort to hold Yale at New London.

Captain Bullard, in speaking to the candidates, said that a quadrangular race—that is, with Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, was among the possibilities.

No mention was made of Yale, and it seemed to be taken for granted that the boys from New Haven did not for one moment enter into the calculations of the Harvard men.

That both Coach Watson and Captain Bullard realize that they must do or die this year, is evident by the earnestness of their talk. They see plainly that it would be disastrous to the

(Continued on page 48.)

An Asthma Cure at Last.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

The Greatest Living Chemist.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, January 3d, 1896:—"Who is that man wearing the broad, slouch felt hat and preoccupied mien?" asked my companion, as we were crossing the Maximilian Platz, in Munich, not long ago. "Why, that is the greatest living chemist, Professor Dr. von Pettenkofer, the recognized heir to Baron Liebig's life work." A wonderful man, indeed, whose authority on chemistry is as potent as Virchow's opinion on medicine. And how many-sided! Since the great cholera in Hamburg, a few years ago, his opinion has been solicited all over Europe, and in spite of a thousand engagements he still continues to guard jealously the reputation of the Liebig Beef Extract. And this is perhaps his most important obligation, considering the range of the company's enterprise, which very nearly covers the commercial map of the world.

A Newton discovered gravitation by seeing an apple fall from a tree, and the incomparable chemist, Baron Justus von Liebig, on seeing the poor of London poison themselves daily with a penny cup of tea, prepared an extract of beef which not only superseded the deadly concoction, but also gave birth to one of the most gigantic industries of this busy century. Of the millions now familiar with and using the Liebig Beef Extract, few, I dare say, know of the company's work, and fewer still of its incomparable system, so well defined and methodical, that it may be likened to Germany's military discipline.

On the luxuriant fields along the River Plate, and fed by the crystal springs of Uruguay, South America, large herds of cattle are raised, sleek and fat, of which over two thousand oxen are killed daily. In their extensive works at Fray Bentos over three thousand persons are busy preparing the extract for shipment, in large, hermetically sealed tin boxes, to the company's grand depot in Antwerp, Belgium. Under a rigid inspection of long and well-tried butchers, superintended by departmental chemists, every one of whom has seen a long service, the meat undergoes a culinary process, ending finally in a solid extract of beef which is shipped to Antwerp, and, after a final inspection by the greatest living chemist, is then potted in the now famous little cream-colored jars and placed on the markets of the world. With the Liebig Company cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness. Every little jar and parcel offered for sale must bear on its face the well-known signature of J. v. Liebig, and this consistent rule has enabled the company to slaughter nearly four millions of cattle since 1865, when it first started, at an average value of about sixty million dollars; and it is still increasing in spite of every pretentious competition. With unflinching regularity, and according to an irrevocable law in the legacy of the inventor, samples of every consignment from South America are sent to Professor Max von Pettenkofer, in Munich, who, together with his delegate, issues the following declaration:

"We, the undersigned, Professor Dr. M. von Pettenkofer, Director of the Scientific Department of the Company, and Professor Dr. Carl von Voit, his delegate, hereby declare that Liebig Company's Extract of Meat is required, as heretofore, to be examined and approved by us, before it can be delivered to consumers; and that, consequently, the extract, prepared strictly according to the instructions of the inventor, the late Baron Justus von Liebig, will continue, in future, to be of the same acknowledged uniform excellence and perfection as hitherto."

"PROFESSOR DR. MAX VON PETTENKOFER, DR. CARL VON VOIT."

"We cannot afford to trust the least particle to chance," said Mr. W. A. Gilligan, the company's able manager for the United States, who enjoys a large personal acquaintance with the leading men of our country. "Our reputation must ever continue in the advance, and to uphold the great legacy of the immortal chemist, Liebig, we must continue ever watchful and tolerate no indiscretion. Hence, material advantage alone is not our aim. Our specialty is so well known throughout the world that it is incumbent on us to protect the philanthropy inaugurated by the founder. How do I find the American trade? Entirely satisfactory. We have reason to consider it most favorably," he went on, genially, "because the American public is keen and quick and readily appreciates a good thing; above all, I regard the American housewife as a model nurse. She knows the value of Liebig's Beef Extract, and, unlike many in Europe and Asia, she adapts it to a variety of profitable uses. And right here let me call your attention to another very important fact. There appears to be a widespread impression that the Liebig Company's Extract of Meat is something intended chiefly for invalids. Well, it certainly is an excellent thing for that purpose, yet the immense quantity consumed in that way is, after all, only a small part of the total product. The extract is in demand in the kitchen, where it can be employed in a great variety of ways; it is used in the army and by sailors and yachtsmen; it is of much value to those who camp out; and when one travels it is especially prized, because it affords easy opportunities for preparing palatable and strengthening food. It is good for a variety of uses, particularly in emergencies. Moreover, it is economical, as it is possible to make a quart of good stock at a cost of about ten cents for the meat flavor. Now these merits and many more being evident, the public should be cautioned against various imitations, purporting to be equal to the Company's Extract, and against other somewhat similar preparations, made from extract of meat bought at random in the open market, much of which is of an unreliable and even objectionable character. In view of this possibility the public should see that every jar purchased bears the fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature, in blue, across the label."

Does it seem possible, one would naturally ask, to take more care than appears to be practiced by this great system? Is it at all to be wondered that ten millions of these jars are sold annually, now that people in all parts of the world know of its priceless merits? This industry is, indeed, one of the very few which need fear no competition. All who must seek recuperation and strength will find it in Liebig's Extract of Beef, which has maintained its standard of unquestioned supremacy. "The true object of cooking," says an eminent culinary authority, "is threefold: First, to maintain and enhance the nutritive value of the food cooked and secure its digestibility; second, to render it as palatable as possible; and, third, to please the senses of sight and smell. With these the intelligent housewife and cook will not fail to couple two very needful considerations—variety and economy."

In view of this extraordinary range of possibilities I would strongly advise the reader to obtain of his nearest grocer Liebig Company's Cook Book, prepared by Miss Parloa, containing numerous and very practical recipes, and which, according to Mr. Gilligan, will be sent gratis on application.

C. FRANK DEWEY.



"PORTRAIT STUDY."—ELLEN DALLETT.



"SHINNECOCK LANDSCAPE."—C. L. WASHBURN.



"SOUTHAMPTON BREAKERS."—H. C. CROSBY.



"STILL LIFE STUDY."—CHARLES LANGLEY.



"PORTRAIT STUDY."—HELEN PUPKE.

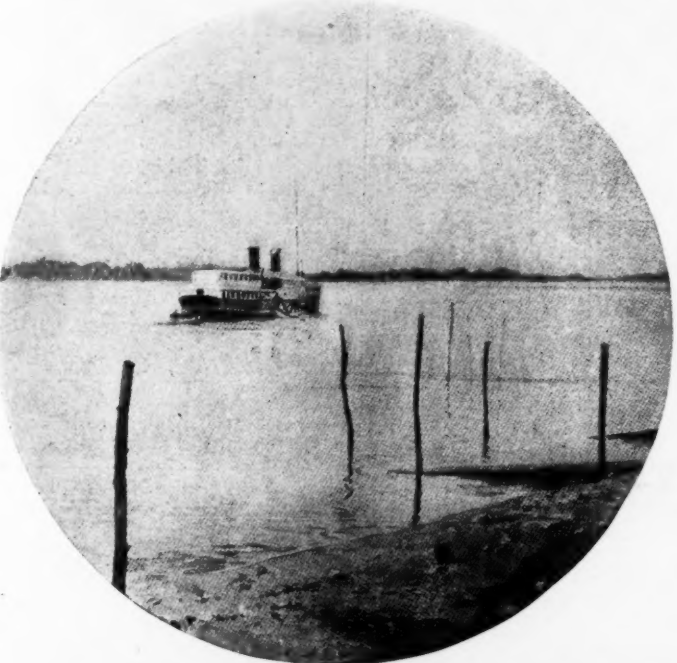


"LONG ISLAND HAY-STACK."—ERNEST MEYER.

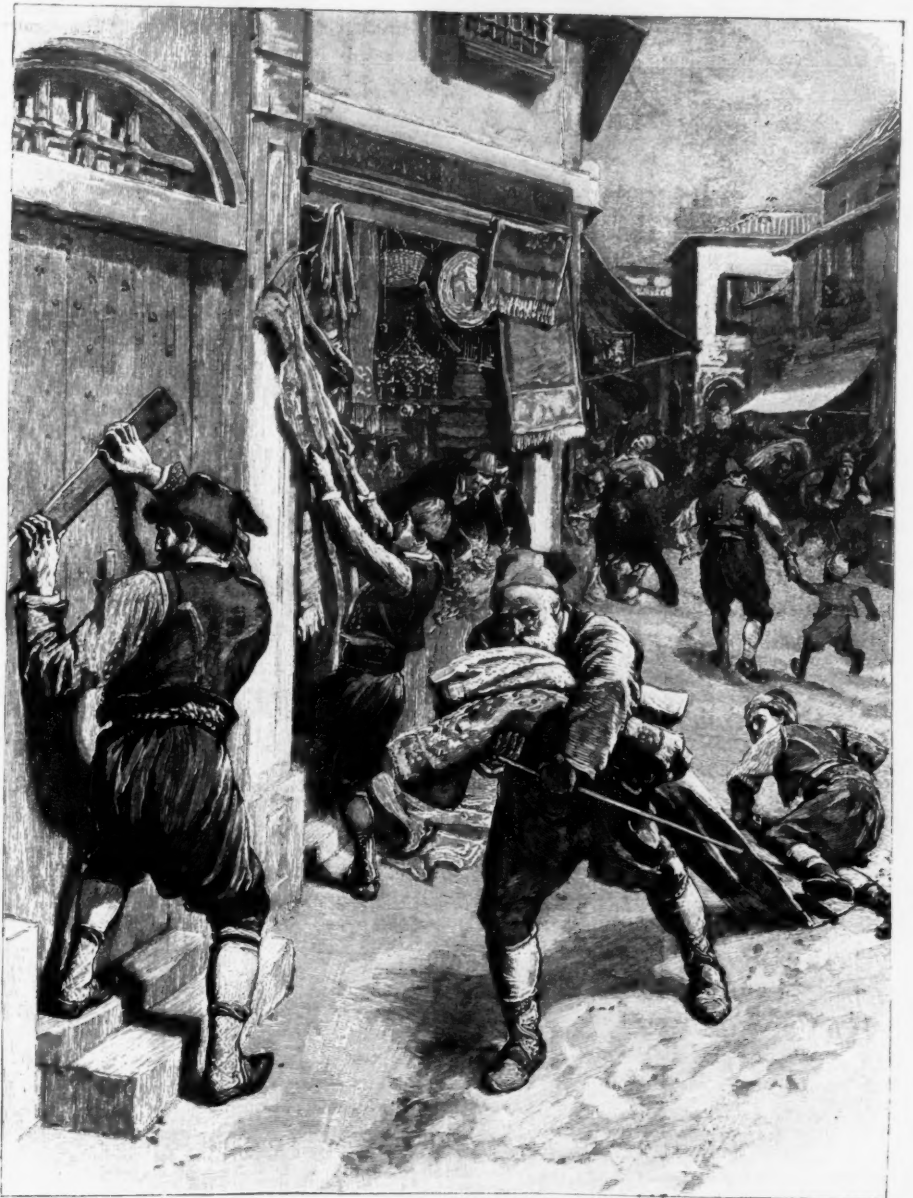
THE FAMOUS STUDIO OF WILLIAM M. CHASE—WORK OF SOME OF HIS PUPILS.—[SEE PAGE 41.]



VENEZUELA—AN EXPLORING PARTY CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT ON MAZARUNI RIVER.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE VENEZUELA QUESTION—A STEAMER ON THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER.
Illustrated London News.



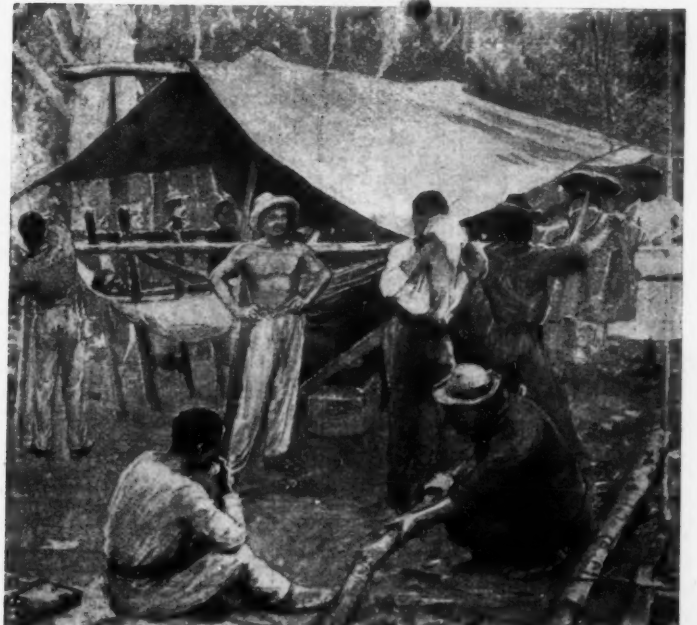
TURKEY—A SCENE IN STAMBOUL DURING A RECENT PANIC—"THE TURKS ARE UPON US!"
London Graphic.



THE VENEZUELA DISPUTE—EXPLORERS CUTTING A LINE ON THE WAY TO THE BRITISH GUIANA GOLD-FIELDS.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—GUERRILLAS LYING IN WAIT.
La Ilustración Española y Americana.



THE DEBATABLE LAND IN BRITISH GUIANA—PREPARING TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.—*Illustrated London News.*

Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 45.)

future of rowing at Harvard to meet with a crushing defeat at the hands of Cornell, and possibly Columbia and Pennsylvania, this year. Such a result would only serve to emphasize the more what a wide gap separates Harvard oarsmen in their knowledge of crew rowing from those of Yale, her natural rivals.

ROWING AFFAIRS AT NEW HAVEN.

Word comes to me from New Haven that the same policy of moderation in training will be pursued as last year. Captain Treadway will endeavor to carry out in every way the sensible ideas which characterized the captaincy of Armstrong last year.

It appears to be the settled conviction of Yale rowing men that while a race with Harvard is among the impossibilities, there will be no let-up in the labors of the coaches to turn out a Yale crew right up to the usual high standard of excellence.

While such a fine oar as Dater, who has been graduated, will not row this year, there will be men not a few to take his place and take it satisfactorily. It is also expected that Armstrong's seat at bow will be cared for by the right man.

In fact, all in all, the Yale crew this year is expected to be quite as good as last year's.

Talk of a race with an English crew has not yet subsided, though no one seems sanguine that eventually the Yale crew will do other than row a match race with Columbia.

W.T. Bull.

Do you know that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is the best line to Wilkesbarre, Geneva, Ithaca, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, through the picturesque Lehigh, Wyoming, and Susquehanna valleys?

HAVE you ever tried the Lehigh Valley Railroad's dining-car service? The appointments are elegant; every dish is a revelation of gastronomic art, and the service is à la carte, you only paying for what you order.

THE Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warehouses, 149-155 East Fourteenth street, before buying elsewhere.

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 331, Albion, Michigan.

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A MODEL TRAIN
VEHICLED, ELECTRIC
LIGHTED, WITH
Observation and Dining-Cars
NEW YORK TO CINCINNATI
via Philadelphia, Baltimore and
WASHINGTON.
Complete Pullman Service to Louis-
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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A CONCENTRATED
LIQUID
EXTRACT OF
MALT & HOPS
FOR
CONVALESCENTS,
NURSING MOTHERS,
AND THOSE SUFFERING
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DYSPEPSIA, etc.
RECOMMENDED AND
PRESCRIBED BY ALL
LEADING PHYSICIANS.
AT ALL
DRUGGISTS
AND GROCERS.
PREPARED BY
S. LIEBMAN'S SONS
BREWING CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SLEEP AND REST For Skin Tortured BABIES And Tired MOTHERS



In One Application of
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SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths, with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier).

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If you wash your face, neck and arms in this soap, you'll not want to buy any paints, **CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** and cosmetics—(Persian Healing) A delightful soap for the every day toilet.
Sold by druggists.

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THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

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Samples and all directions for measurement sent free on application.
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A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.
THE CLUB COCKTAILS
MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.
We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.
Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.
Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.
For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.
AVOID IMITATIONS.
For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

RESUMPTION NEEDED.

IN the stomach of a cow killed at Gardiner, Maine, were found a gold dollar, two lead bullets, and twelve ten-penny nails. When the baser metals take the place of silver in this way the dignity of gold has got to a low level and it is time for Richard Bland and several Senators to insist upon a resumption of the craze.—Judge.

A VERY DESIRABLE CALENDAR.

CALENDARS of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking—many without asking—but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. AYER & SON, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems, if possible, even better than its predecessors. Hand-some enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading-matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.

THE ONLY ONE.

JINKS—"What's the great attraction at the museum?"
BINKS—"A man who made a New-Year's resolution and kept it."—Judge.

THE PREMIER BRAND
CALIFORNIA WINES.
BRANDIES AND OLIVE OIL.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS
SUPERIOR TO IMPORTED.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.
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OLDEST WINE CROWERS OF CALIFORNIA.
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MAGIC TOY and SUN SPECTACLES.
(Patent Applied For.)
Our attention has been called to this novelty, which is sure to be a popular one. It is brought out by the Hartford Paper Goods Co. of Hartford, Conn., and is both amusing and useful.

As TOY SPECTACLES they provoke "loads of fun." Many laughable changes in expression may be produced by turning the eye-disks to different angles. A small aperture in each disk-centre enables the wearer to see through readily.

As SUN SPECTACLES they are worn reversed, showing only the plain sides of the disks. They thus serve as useful protectors for the eyes against the glare of sun and snow, as the apertures admit only enough light for comfort.

These spectacles retail for TEN CENTS EACH, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. A liberal discount is offered to the trade.

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The . . . Snowy Landscape

of winter with its leafless trees and ice-bound streams offers the amateur photographer as many opportunities for artistic work as do the most pleasant days of summer, and one need not think that a Pocket Kodak purchased now need be laid away until summer before using.

The little instrument is hardly larger than a well filled purse, yet it takes beautiful "snowscapes" and is always ready for making a flash-light picture when congenial companions are gathered about the fireside in the long winter evenings.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:

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